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A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

F R O M

C. ANSTEY, Esq.

T O

C. W. BAMPFYLDE, Esq.

TRANSLATED AND ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

The SECOND EDITION, with ADDITIONS and AMENDMENTS.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED BY M. SAY, AVEMARY-LANE,
FOR J. ALMON, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-HOUSE.

M DCC LXXVII.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

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FROM

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TO

C. W. BAMPFELDE, Esq.



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FOR A. ALMON, OPPOSITE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1839.

Price 1s. 6d.

A

FAMILIAR EPISTLE, &c.

IF e'er my Muse indulg'd her sportive theme,
On *Cam's* green margin, or on *Avon's* stream,
To thee, dear BAMPFYLDE, gratefully she pays
The friendly tribute of her jocund lays,
Candour, with polish'd Arts, 'tis thine to blend,
'Tis mine to love and praise them in my friend.

O'er both our souls a kindred star prefides,
To studies, sports, and joys congenial guides,
Thy glowing portraits breathe *Promethean* fire,
With wanton heed *I* strike the frolic lyre,

A 2

Nor

Nor 'midst it's merry notes does *Polyhymny*
 Refuse to grace the *corner of my chimney* ;
 And, as with lingering steps Age steals along,
 She cheers the unwelcome prospect with a song.
 Long may her sister Muse inspire thy soul,
 Long may *her* powers thy pencil's art controul,
Whose silent eloquence the lyre defies,
 And speaks a vivid language to the eyes.
 With equal ardours tho' our vows were paid,
 Still hast thou found the more complying maid,
 And shewn (while each contended for the prize)
 Thy skill as much superior as thy size*.
 How strong thy fertile fancy's power, how true
 The mimic forms thy ready pencil drew,
 Ye roofs proclaim, whose patrons ten times seven
 Boasting the smiles of *Jove* and partial Heaven,
 High priests of pleasure's mystic rites repair,
 To club for *Baïæ's* weal their pious care,

To

* Mr. B. is no less remarkable for his stature than for his great skill in painting.

To Cards and Fiddles sacred rear'd the shrine,
 Where *Britain's* boast! her studious Sons combine
 To ply their nightly task—here, 'midst the throng
 Have we too dragg'd the tardy hours along,
 And gazing, wonder'd where the wights were found,
 Which *Bath's* kind star had drawn from countries round ;
 While by congenial zeal for trifles sway'd,
 Both old and young the fiddle's call obey'd,
 Nor did the gay, grotesque, fantastic train
 Invite thy pencil's mimic art in vain.

And lo, advancing far before the rest,
 The travell'd Beau exulting rears his crest,
 With jacket coat, whose clipt skirts scarce conceal
 The filken shade that flutters round his tail.
 An ill-starr'd youth, by adverse fate design'd
 To feel the jarring conflicts of the mind,

For

For when in *Pas de Rigadon* he itches
 To court their glances at his Satin Breeches,
 Scar'd at his near approach, the *Dragon* Aunt
 Retreats, and eyes the wicked fight askaunt,
 While Miss, with downcast leer, behind her fan,
 Blushes and giggles at the naughty man.
 Cast now thine eye to where the corded round
 Reserves for tripping feet the hallow'd ground :
 There, in the pride of steps unknown before,
 Yon Elfish Stripling bounds along the floor,
 Sweating and straining each distorted nerve,
 His shoulders sunk, his arms in sweeping curve,
 Shaking one leg in air, mean while the other
 In artful balance, wisely props his brother,
 His tail too bobs upon his powder'd poll,
 As if obedient to the found's controul,
 A tail, which to his locks tho' now ally'd,
 Was once (as fame reports) a stallion's pride,

A thievish

A thievish Frenchman view'd with longing eyes
 The tempting spoil, and soon the massive prize
 Deck'd and oppress'd his pigmy patron's back,
 Which bow'd unequal to the weighty pack.

When too the beauteous Nymphs thy skill demand,
 They breathe, they speak beneath *thy* plastic hand;
My Muse, aghast! begins the mighty song,
 And tho' a lady, dares scarce trust her tongue:
 For should a bard, tho' *Phœbus* lent him brains,
 To female caprice dedicate his strains,
 To ever changing forms which fight deceive,
 Like motes quick glancing on the beam of eve,
 To *Robes* and *Plumes* of all the tints that glow
 On *Flora's* banks, or *Iris'* painted bow,
 Alas! the youth like Icarus must sink,
 And mourn his rashness in a sea of ink.
 Mark but their *cloud-capt* heads with steeples vying,
 The base restraints of *Coach* and *Chair* defying,

With painted plumes all waving as they go,
 Nodding dismay to little folks below :
 Mark too, to make the shuttle-cock complete,
 The cork assumes a more *ignoble* feat ;
 What then should keep them from their native skies
 In flights beyond the ken of mortal eyes ?
 What but for us (all angels as they are)
 Some friendly powers conspire to keep them here ;
Pads, pins, pomatum, club their weight together,
 And counterpoise the flight of *cork* and *feather*.
 Here too, (lest all those friendly aids should fail
 To check the aspiring pride of head and tail)
 Clowns with their cows and calves all seem to stare,
 And wonder how the devil they got there,
 Fields, trees, and cottages triumphant ride,
 The joy alike of Matron, Maid, and Bride,
 Twin'd in the greasy ringlets of the hair,
Medusa too might view her head-dress there,

Great

Great *Cybele* her vanquish'd crest deplore,
And boast her of her tower-capt head no more.

Go then, blest youth, and swell love's votive train,
Go, heave the gentle sigh, nor sigh in vain,
And seek with hasty steps that happier shore,
Where *Hymen* mourns his injur'd rites no more,
But sees on altars pure the flame arise,
Which law's unjust controul secure defies,
Leave fear and thought behind, fly, quick, be gone,
Nor wait the coming of to-morrow's fun ;
Nor, tho' the angry Sire indignant views
The deed, tho' still his griping hands refuse
The welcome pelf, do thou for sordid gain
With cold neglect the genial bed profane,
But leave to one of *Israel's* bearded race
The gloomy scowling of the *Shylock* face,

B

Who

Who damns with fullen leer the smoaking board,
 With *swinish hams* and *bloody puddings* stor'd,
 But still in *petto* keeps his bitterest curse,
 For loss of *cent. per cent.* and *empty purse*.
 * Thus when at *Jonathan's* the hated light
 Of Morn to reck'ning calls the losing wight,
 (A Morn more dreaded than that last great day
 When *Bulls* and *Bears* must all their reck'ning pay)
 With one emphatic curse to hell he sends
 Scrips, Consols, Bonds, Jews, Christians, Foes, and Friends.
 But thou (whose nobler soul rejects the God
 To whom '*Change Alley's* Sons devoutly nod)
 Bid to the clouds thy grateful incense rise,
 E'er yet the *Honey-moon* its light denies,
 Conscious that vows of gratitude delay'd
 For bounteous Heaven's behests are seldom paid;

* In the Latin original the Jew is dragged before the Spanish Inquisitor, his tongue falters, his knees tremble, in his torments he curses the Christians, and calls on the God of the Jews in vain. — The translator thought this too horrid a description for a ludicrous satire, and therefore took the liberty to parody it as above.

[11]

And tho' to deary's share light coffers fall,
Look at her head and thou'lt forget it all,
 A tow'ring crest, of which the cheering fight
 Will make e'en *Hymen's* dreaded shackles light;
 For should the Fair one, plung'd in *ton* and *taste*,
 Thy guineas lavish and thine acres waste,
 Should Chariots, Horses, Pictures, Jewels, all
 Before Great *Pam*, *Loo's* mighty tyrant, fall,
 Nor thou with sighs thy sad mischance deplore,
 One *pawn*, one glorious *pawn* shall all restore,
 And Plenty from her lavish horn shall shed
 Once more her golden showers upon thine head:
 More would my muse, but prudence checks her song,
 And hints the dangers of too bold a tongue.

Nor, when my merry strains your hours beguile,
 Do you, chaste fair ones, deem your poet's smile

A Cynic sneer ; and should some wight transpose
 To English rhymes my lays, for Belles and *Beaus*,
 To wound a Virgin's peace let none apply
 My general censures, which at random fly,
 But still with generous care my strains defend,
 And know your poet for your guide and friend.

Oft have I seen, and sorely griev'd to see,
 The raw, gay, giddy Lads too soon set free,
 Proud that (e'er yet she counts her sixteenth year)
Mamma no more controuls her wild career,
 To ruin's brink with eager haste she strays,
 No parent's hand her trembling feet to raise;
 There lurk a race her footsteps to betray,
 And seize with savage joy their guileless prey,
 For them nor Love nor Hymen lights his fires,
 Foes to connubial joys and chaste desires ;

Or

Or when the generous pangs of love they feign,
 'Tis but to mock the wretched damsel's pain;
 To Beauty callous, Gold alone controuls
 The selfish bias of their sordid souls;
 Or, if by *Chance*, *Caprice*, or *Mammon* led,
 With transports feign'd, *One* preps the genial bed,
 He chides the tardy hours, and swears that fate
 Has balk'd his hopes with an immortal mate.

How shall the Muse her honest rage restrain,
 When tottering age steps forth and joins the train;
 A worn-out Beau, who still the call obeys,
 Where youth and love their festive standards raise,
 As 'mid the feather'd tribe the bird of night
 Infests with omens sad their airy flight.
 By long experience taught the wily art,
 To read the passions, and unfold the heart,

An

An ever placid, ever simpering face,
 A tongue, which blunt, harsh truths did ne'er disgrace,
 Disdaining vulgar tales, a tide he pours
 Of *Lords, Castratos, Fiddlers, Pimps, and Whores,*
 Now fawning on a peer, with servile pride,
 Now dangling, like her watch, at Chloe's side.
 Nor (farther yet should curious strangers pry)
 Shall *Johnny Weevil* e'er his name deny.
 For *Johnny*, like the * worm, (e'er suns disclose
 The blushing beauties of the budding rose)
 With blighting touch the infant flower destroys,
 And robs the summer of its promis'd joys.
 If *Bathing, Tumblers, Auctions, Apes, or Players,*
 New *Fiddlers, Methodists, or dancing Bears,*
 The *learned dog* (or what more wondrous sight,
 Bath yield with monsters teeming) should invite

* The Weevil Worm.

The Nymph abroad, lo *Johnny* cringing stands,
 A tool obsequious for the Maid's commands;
 But if by chance a dancing rage he feels,
 And trusts, rash Dotard, to his ears and heels,
 On light fantastic toe the Damsel tripping,
 Thro' many a mazy circle nimbly skipping,
 Sees *Johnny* every nerve and muscle strain,
 To trip with equal steps, and toil in vain.
 In vain his hand he shakes, in vain he begs
 With earnest nods some respite for his legs,
 No rest he knows, 'till halting in the middle,
 He damns to hell *Pipe, Tabor, Flute, and Fiddle.*
 As by a mastiff when a hare is spy'd
 Securely frisking near a copse's side,
 His ears erect, the cur begins the chace,
 Urging with eager rage his tardy pace,
Thrown out at length, he halts upon the plain,
 And pants, and gasps, and foams, and barks in vain.

Thus

Thus panting, thus complaining, *Johnny* feels
 How ill gay frolics suit with gouty heels;
 Freed from th' unequal contest of the dance,
 He smirks and leers with many a gloting glance,
 With looks complacent now he greets the fair,
 And now his gentle mien and graceful air,
 While many a threadbare jest and many a tale
 With slander big the virgin's ears assail.

She with a smile his fulsome tongue repays,
 And glibly swallows even *Johnny's* praise,
 Expos'd to view her swelling bosom's pride,
 Save what a net-work shade affects to hide;
 Courting the glance of Beaus, with arms compress'd,
 She flyly swells the heaven of her breast,
 Which heaves, as if the orbs indignant bore
 The base confinement of her *Jupe au corps*,

Nor

Nor heeds the misses spite, nor dreads the lay
Which I might sing, nor what her Aunt may say.

Two tyrant powers each female breast obeys,
The rage of fashion and the lust of praise.

Hence (like the streamers which a top-mast bears)
Long dangling ribbands flutter round their ears;
Say then, is virgin innocence express'd
By heads in tawdry colours idly dress'd?
Quit these, ye Nymphs, and let such marks describe
The wretched Sisters of the wanton tribe,
Who once to man's delusive arts a prey,
Have learn'd in turn to ruin and betray.
Health's crimson glow no more is their's, no more
The sunshine of the breast shall peace restore,
Their fates the Graces mourn, nor shall the Muse
The willing tribute of a tear refuse.

As when the wind in eddies whirling round,
 Lifts up light straws and feathers from the ground ;
 So Pleasure's whirlpools, *Balls, Drums, Routs and Plays,*
 Whisk the Nymph round in such a giddy maze,
 That Nature sinks—Disease consumes her frame,
 And Life's dim lamp scarce yields a glimmering flame,
 An eager call to pleasure yet remains,
 The languid blood flow creeping thro' her veins,
Hysterics, faintings, head-achs, gasping breath,
 And all the ghastly family of death
 Their victim urge.—Fly quick, the doctors call,
Full Bottoms, Bags, Licentiates, Quacks and all.
 But see they come—sage sons of *Pæan* hail!
 In close array the stubborn foe assail,
 On this side plant a battery of *glysters,*
 Here gall his flank with *cataplasms* and *blisters,*
 Force through his trenches with a strong *cathartic,*
 And pour in *vomits* 'till you make his heart ach;

Now

Now draw your lancets, cut thro' thick and thin,
 Hack, flash the veins and scarify the skin,
 Sing *Iö Pæan*—see the foe is flying!
 But ah! see too the wretched maid is dying,
 She droops her languid head, and strange to say,
 By triumphs lost, to victories a prey.
 As *Tobit* chas'd the Devil by a *stink*,
 One hope remains e'er yet the damsel sink,
 Try then this last resource—a charm prepare
 Teeming with * *stinks sublime*, strong, rich, and rare.

Of *dung of peacocks* take a pan-full,
 Of *foot* and *bog-lice* each a handful,
 The scrapings off a *blister-plaster*,
Urine a quart, *cum testic: castor:*
 With *rotten cabbages* assistance,
 To give the charm a due consistence.

* Mr. Burke, in his celebrated treatise, makes a *stink* to be one of the sources of the sublime.

Ye too, whose * mottos thro' the world proclaim
 Your patron deity and healing fame,
 To whom *Apollo* gave the two-fold skill
 To trace the malady, and—gild the pill,
 First stir the hodge-podge, then with nods profound,
 Summon to sage debate the Nurses round ;
 But that your speech be energetic, mark
 Your words, like *Delphic* Oracles, be dark ;
English on *Greek*, with *French* on *Latin* grounded,
 A jargon wild! confusion worse confounded !

Shameful to tell, the Foe eludes the skill
 Of all who gild the palm, or gild the pill ;
 Nor ought avail *stinks*, *bolusses*, or *blisters*,
Hard words, *great wigs*, *warm draughts*, or *cooling glysters*,
 Her bloom, her health, her strength for ever lost,
 The ruling passion still maintains its post.

* *Opiferque per orbem dicor.*

Doctors,

Doctors, avaunt! exclaims the nymph, " I'll try

" Once more my trembling legs, I dance or die :

" Your drugs and cant no longer I'll endure,

" *That* caus'd my pain, from *that* I'll seek my cure;

" I feel my breast inspir'd, 'tis nature's call,

" Which bids me phyfic quit, and try—a Ball."

His task once more the *Friseur* re-assumes,

Once more her head exults in nodding plumes.

The Mafs disturb'd affords a copious vent

To favoury steams for months in durance pent.

When *Builders* raise the pile, supports they place

In due degrees, the strongest at the base;

Ladies invert the rule, with them the top

Is always highest, with the *weakest* prop.

How have I seen, 'midst grease and powder thick,

Leeks, carrots, radishes, and onions stick,

Burthens

Burthens which even gard'ners wives would dread,
 The Nymph for pleasure bears upon her head !
 On Others shrubs and flowers rang'd in order,
 Present the picture of a garden border :
 Perhaps (but oh chaste shades of Matrons rise,
 From sights impure as these protect our eyes,)
 Some Nymph of *Ton*, despising vulgar fame,
 Will deck her head with what—I blush to name.

* But hark ! I hear a voice indignant say,
 “ From *Granta*'s shores what *Dæmon* bade thee stray?
 “ (*Bæotian* shores ! which skirt thy native bogs,
 “ Where once thou sung'st in unison with frogs,)
 “ To trespass on the Graces blest abodes,
 “ With splayfoot fatires, or more splayfoot odes.
 “ What God ? what Devil could thy breast inspire ?
 “ To re-assume thy long forsaken lyre,

* All the lines in the original which referred to the etchings, and which were for the most part translations from the Election Ball, are here omitted.

“ Thy

" Thy *Latin* lyre, which many a year had hung
 " A mute forlorn, neglected and unstrung.
 " Was it? that shelter'd in a tongue unknown,
 " Thy Muse her shafts securely might have thrown,
 " To wound, with impious hand, the sacred fame
 " Of *Youths* and maids, who sport on *Avon's* stream.
 " Are *Avon's* banks, for which bright *Venus* leaves
 " The beauteous *Isles* which crown the *Ægean* waves,
 " Fit themes for jests profane? Say has not fate
 " To thee assign'd an undeserv'd retreat?
 " Where the proud Crescent mocks the dog-star's ray,
 " Cool as a grot amid the blaze of day;
 " And while the wintry blasts the skies deform,
 " In solid strength secure, defies the storm.
 " There, tho' no * *Cabbage Garden* greet thine eye,
 " Nor onion's savory roots their sweets supply,

* See Ode to Sir Peter Rivers Gay.

" Yet

" Yet do thy grateful nostrils oft exhale
 " A tranfient vapour from the ambrofial gale,
 " Wafted from Heads which breathe a thoufand odours
 " Of *flowers, pomatums, fhrubs* and *scented powders*,
 " Heads worthy of a nobler Poet's fong,
 " Nor furnifh'd lefs with *feather* than with *tongue*.

" When erft in times of early *Greece* 'tis faid
 " *Amphion*'s hands the trembling chords obey'd,
 " Rocks, Castles, Columns to the tune advancing,
 " Their *gravity* forgot and fell to dancing,
 " Here fhould *Amphion* try the moving found,
 " Thy Columns, Crescent, ftill would keep their ground,
 " Their Ruftic Bafes firm in mafive pride
 " Had *Sampfon*'s or an earthquake's force defy'd,
 " But what the magic lyre or *Sampfon*'s arm
 " In vain had try'd, the ftill more magic charm

" Of

" Of Lawyers tongues triumphantly has shewn,
 " The mafs to move was their's and their's alone.

" But here, where facred to the God of Day
 " Bath's tepid fprings thro' vales *Pierian* ftray,
 " Shall thy rash Mufe prefume her bolts to throw
 " At each her caprice marks for Virtue's foe?—

" To *Cecrops* once two Deities decreed
 " Auspicious gifts! an Olive and a Steed,
 " Pledges that *Athens*' envied ftate fhould rife
 " In arts and arms the darling of the fkie :
 " Had he in happier days obey'd the hog
 " Which led King *Bladud* to the teeming bog,
 " There had he feen what joys life's toils relieve
 " From *eve to morn, from morn to dewy eve,*
 " A never-cloying fcene, *Plays, Prayers, Doctors,*
 " *Spruce Bifhops, fighting Chancellors and Proctors,*

D

" Proud

" Proud *Athens*' boasts, the steed and olive sprig

" Had bow'd to *Baïæ*'s springs and *Bladud*'s pig.

" Ye bowers where *Plato* taught, ye banks whose streams

" So oft inspir'd the *Grecian* Poet's dreams,

" Deserted streams and mute, your pride is o'er,

" Your honours all transferr'd to *Avon*'s shore.

" 'Tis here the young idea learns to shoot,

" 'Tis here that virtue takes her infant root,

" With *Spartan* maxims rigidly severe,

" The *Stoic* gives his midnight lectures here.

" Sloth, Luxury, and Pride these walls disclaim,

" Vices unknown, or only known by name ;

" Nor (should the force of precepts nought avail)

" Would goodly proofs of bright examples fail.

" Illustrious fages hail ! the boast is your's,

" That *Learning* still the amplest Boons procures.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis your's to fire the youthful breast, by shewing
 " How fortune pours her blessings on the *Knowing* ;
 " *Pallas* for you assumes an earthly mien,
 " Auspicious guide! in form of *Diamond's queen*,
 " For you the *magic cubes* unlock the source
 " Of springs, which shame *Pactolus'* golden course.

" See yon great Bards at *Phæbus'* altar nod,
 " They are his genuine sons, they feel the God:
 " Hark to their deep-ton'd song, with rapture swelling,
 " On Virtue, Glory, Truth, and Honour dwelling,
 " Nor Hate, nor Jealousy, nor Venal Praise
 " Pollute the tenour of their candid lays,
 " On *Avon's* banks if e'er their steps have stray'd,
 " Oft has the stream its sleepy course delay'd,
 " And when the *Naiads* caught the soothing strain,
 " The poppy seem'd to rear it's head in vain.

" Unpluck'd by them the thorn of Satire grows,
 " No fulsome spring of Panegyric flows
 " For them, which from its placid poison'd source
 " Winds in a gentle stream its baleful course.

" Hail blest retreats ! which *Cato* might have lov'd,
 " Or *Scipio*'s philosophic soul approv'd,
 " Here when the Ag'd life's dangerous shoals have past,
 " Secure in port, no more they dread the blast,
 " But (while their evening ray steals gently on)
 " Cheer the sad prospect of the setting sun,
 " Not by the aid of ought which folly pours
 " With lavish hand from never-failing stores,
 " Not like rash boys by lifting in a war,
 " When Dancers jostle, or when Fiddlers jarr,
 " But still regretting years in follies past,
 " To peace and virtue dedicate the last.

" Sick

" Sick of the Parson, and the Parson's Wife,
 " And dull unvaried round of rural life,
 " The 'Squire and Madam bid adieu to all
 " The home-spun pleasures of the Manor-hall,
 " From humdrum evening chat, lo *Bath* invites
 " To social joys and *rational* delights.
 " As whim or pleasure leads they each incline,
 " *He* wastes the midnight lamp at Hazard's shrine,
 " *Her* joys extend to all that *Gallia* pours
 " In bounteous tide on *Albion's* grateful shores,
 " *Friseurs* and *Confidentes* her friendship share,
 " Expert to form the mind or dress the hair,
 " From these sage guides she learns; her polish'd mind
 " Was ne'er for dull domestic cares design'd;
 " Such mean pursuits might vulgar souls employ,
 " But she by Heaven was form'd alone for joy.
 " Here then thine altars raise! here *Hymen* shed
 " Thy choicest blessings on the genial bed!

" Hail

" Hail Genius of the Springs! 'tis thine the care,
 " To guard and teach the inexperience'd Fair
 " At Balls, Routs, Concerts, that the laws provide,
 " A decent matron still must grace her side ;
 " To early rambles should her mind be prone,
 " The morning uncontroul'd remains her own,
 " Whether the sylvan *Faun* her presence greets,
 " Whether with flowing train she sweeps the streets,
 " Whether 'midst Youths and *Amazonian* bands
 " The prancing steed obeys her skilful hands ;
 " While thus by generous custom unconfin'd,
 " No checks she knows but those which curb the mind.

" Hark! 'tis a female voice, forbear thy rhymes,
 " Rash Bard, it cries, and tremble for thy crimes ;
 " Now hear the law :—
 " Not having (as all wise men have) the fears
 " Of female tongues provok'd, before thine ears,
 " Against

" Against the Statute has thy Pen been scribbling,
 " Our foibles now, and now our feathers nibbling :
 " The Court ordains, with tar and feathers smear'd
 " Thine impious carcase in a cart be rear'd,
 " And dragg'd thro' *Baia*'s streets, while Lads and Lasses
 " Shall scoff and hoot the *wild-goose* as he passes.
 " Banish'd by our decrees from *Avon*'s side,
 " Thy Muse forlorn shall weep o'er *Lethe*'s tide,
 " Perhaps like paper kite shall mount on high,
 " Training a tail of faires thro' the sky,
 " A dire example to the croud below,
 " Of female vengeance on a rhyming foe."

If thou, beloved friend, should'st see me stand
 The bleeding victim of a vengeful band,
 While Maid and Matron each thy Bard assails
 With cruel taunts and still more cruel nails,

(In

(In pity to my woes) forbear to trace
 With ill-tim'd pleasantry my mournful face,
 But when thy poet's scatter'd limbs shall glide
 A tragic spectacle! down *Avon's* tide,
 Collect his sad remains, and (whilst his bier
 Receives the tribute of thy friendly tear)
 From vile *Translators* vindicate his name,
 And leave the rest to Candour and to Fame.

T H E E N D.



